

Quello stupido cane del cazzo che odio

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/65198248) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/65198248>.

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Fandom:

[明日方舟 | Arknights \(Video Game\)](#)

Relationship:

[Lapland \(Arknights\)/Reader](#)

Characters:

[Lapland \(Arknights\)](#), [Reader](#)

Additional Tags:

[Hate Sex](#), [Multiple Orgasms](#), [Guns](#), [Orgasm Denial](#), [Fist Fights](#), [Multiple Sex Positions](#), [Stabbing](#), [Blood and Injury](#), [Biting](#), [Mating Bites](#), [Missionary Position](#), [Doggy Style](#), [Face Punching](#), [Reader-Insert](#), [Gunshot Wounds](#), [Vaginal Fingering](#), [Rough Sex](#), [Rough Oral Sex](#), [Rough Kissing](#), [Vaginal Sex](#), [Knifeplay](#), [Lapland is fucking annoying](#), [Insanity](#), [Italiano | Italian](#), [Military](#), [Gunplay](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2025-05-02 Words: 8,492 Chapters: 1/1

Quello stupido cane del cazzo che odio

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

The reader and lappland have hate sex in a tent I don't fucking know man

Notes

I was rewriting this so many times bruh, I thought writing lapp would be easy but this lowkey feels so ooc. I'll try again some other time

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The canvas flap of your tent slaps shut behind you, doing little to muffle the groans and muttered curses from the makeshift triage area just outside. Every muscle screams in protest as you force yourself deeper into the cramped, stuffy confines of what is currently your temporary quarters. Your body is caked in a sorts of filth, mud, gunpowder residue, blood, some yours, some from your squadmates.

Your own jacket sleeve is ripped, stained dark where you clumsily staunched the bleeding from a gash on your forearm, a burning reminder of how close things got back there. Too damn close. All because of her.

At the very least you—are you fucking serious?

Sprawled across your cot, looking as infuriatingly relaxed as if she'd just returned from a leisurely stroll instead of dragging the entire brigade through hell by the teeth. Lappland. One long leg, clad in her usual ragged combat gear, is thrown carelessly over the other. Her swords aren't just inside; they're resting comfortably against your neatly folded uniforms like privileged guests.

She glances up as you stumble in, a slow, languid smile spreading across her face, sharp canines flashing briefly. Her silver hair catches the dim light filtering through the canvas, framing eyes that hold nothing but pure, unfettered amusement.

"Ehi, been waiting for you," she purrs, her voice a low, childish drawl that grates on your already shot nerves. She gestures vaguely with a bandaged hand, likely having patched herself up with stolen med supplies from your room. "Getting slow, tesoro? Or just enjoying the scenery? Lots of lovely red out there, isn't there?"

You clench your fists, the movement pulling painfully at the wound on your arm. "Get off my cot, Lappland." Your voice comes out rougher than intended, strained with exhaustion.

She tilts her head, that smile widening. "Aw, but it's so comfy. You wouldn't make a wounded comrade sleep on the dirt, would you?" She pats the cot beside her hip. "Plenty of room, if you don't mind getting cozy."

"Wounded?" you practically spit the word. "We're all wounded, thanks to you! You almost got the entire squad killed! You blew the extraction point! We were sitting ducks back there because you couldn't resist playing with your food!"

Lapland lets out a soft, airy laugh,. "Giocare con il cibo? Is that what you call it?" She shifts slightly, her lounging posture lazy as a house cat. "They were so weak though... barely a warm-up. If this group of yours couldn't handle a little crossfire, maybe they shouldn't be on the field, eh?"

"It wasn't crossfire, it was you drawing every damn Reunion straggler within five clicks directly onto our position because you wanted a bigger audience!" You take a step closer, ignoring the throbbing protest from your abused body. The sheer, infuriating gall of her is a physical pressure behind your eyes. "You went completely off-plan! Ignored every order! That wasn't strength, Lapland, that was sheer, idiotic recklessness!"

"Recklessness? Idiozia?" She pushes herself up slightly on her elbows, the amusement momentarily replaced by some kind of barely masked resentment. "I saw an opportunity. I took it. We won, didn't we? Everyone's still breathing... mostly." She gives a pointed look at your bleeding arm. "A few scratches here and there builds character."

"Winning doesn't mean shit if half the squad is bleeding out and the mission objectives are compromised!" you snap back, your voice rising despite your attempt to keep control. "We were supposed to retrieve the intel discreetly, not announce our presence with enough noise to alert a city block!"

Lapland swings her legs off the cot, landing silently on the dusty groundsheets. She picks up one of her swords, tracing the edge with a finger, her eyes never leaving yours. "Discretion is for cowards and politicians, cara. It's boring." She takes a slow step towards you, the normal annoyance and resentment you feel for her intensifying in the confined space. "Besides, who needs dusty old files when you can make such a beautiful mess?"

"We needed those 'dusty old files'!" you counter, standing your ground despite the tremor running through you—a mixture of anger and awareness of the danger you were potentially in getting haughty with her. "I felt the slugs whizzing past my head because you decided to play gladiator instead of doing your job!"

She stops barely an arm's length away, close enough that you can see the faint dusting of dried blood near her hairline, the dilated pupils in her unsettlingly bright eyes. "My job," she repeats softly, thoughtfully, as if tasting the words. "My job is to eliminate threats. To use my strength. They were a threat. I eliminated them. Molto effectively, I

might add." Her smile returns sharply. "Perhaps your definition of the job is just... too small? Too... safe?" She leans in slightly. "Don't you ever get tired of playing by their rules? Nothing wrong with thinking for yourself."

You try to back away from her slightly to get her out of your face, but her intent to antagonize is clear as she shadows your retreat, crowding you even as you try to make space. Her fingers, cool despite the heat of battle still radiating off her, brush against the torn fabric on your arm, dangerously close to the raw wound beneath. You flinch away, but she just chuckles.

"See? So jumpy," she murmurs, her voice pitched low, meant only for you in the suffocating closeness of the tent. "All that training, all those missions under your belt and still scared of a little touch?" Her hand darts out, gripping your shoulder, fingers digging in just enough to be painful, stopping you in your tracks. "An experienced operator like you hiding behind orders, letting chances slip away. Codarda." The word hangs in the air, laced with condescending pity that makes your blood boil hotter. "Where's the fire, cara? Where's the wolf I see flicker behind those pretty eyes?"

Her thumb traces the line of your collarbone, a deliberately invasive caress that aims to get on your nerves more than she already is. Every instinct screams at you to shove her away, to strike back, but the exhaustion, the pain, the sheer futility of engaging with her usual madness holds you frozen for now. With a surge of willpower that costs you pride in spades, you wrench your shoulder from her grasp, stumbling the last couple steps towards the cot, refusing to give her the satisfaction of a reaction. You won't play her game. Not this time.

Your eyes land on the rumpled bedding. Fine strands of silver hair cling to the rough blanket and your pillow, stark against the dark fabric. Annoyance flares, another transgression in the long list reasons you've come to loathe this stupid fucking mutt. You brush at them futilely, trying to reclaim some small piece of your space. It's then, as you reach for your pack tucked beside the cot, that you see it.

Tucked slightly underneath, almost hidden, is the distinctive metallic wrapper of a high-energy ration bar—the imported kind, ridiculously expensive, flavoured with candied citrus and nuts. The one you'd been carefully hoarding for three weeks, saving for a moment when you truly needed the morale boost. The wrapper is torn open. Empty. Licked clean, probably.

Yeah. That's it.

The carefully constructed dam of control, battered by the disastrous mission, eroded by her relentless goading and harassment, finally bursts under the weight of this final, petty, personal insult. The exhaustion vanishes, replaced by pure, white-hot rage. You spin around, your movement fueled by weeks of frustration and the adrenaline dump from the recent firefight. "God," Your fist connects with her jaw with a sickening crack. "Fucking dammit Lappland!"

Lappland stumbles back a single step, her head snapping to the side from the force of the blow. Her eyes widen for a fraction of a second, a flicker of genuine surprise, before it's instantly consumed by a blazing, ecstatic glee. She slowly straightens up, touching her thumb to her split lip where a bead of blood is already welling. She brings her thumb to her mouth, her tongue darting out to lick the blood away with unnerving relish. Her eyes lock onto yours, burning with manic energy.

"Bene! Oh, molto bene!" she laughs, a wild, breathless sound that holds zero pain and maximum delight. "There she is! Took you long enough, pigra!" Before you can even process the insult, she lunges.

It's not the calculated, lethal grace she uses on the battlefield. This is different. Rougher. More playful, somehow more dangerous for its sheer unpredictability. You barely manage to get your arms up to block a wild swing aimed directly at your head, the impact jarring you to the teeth. She dances back, laughing again, her movements loose and taunting.

"Come on! C'eri quasi, tesoro!" she croons, circling you like a predator sizing up its prey, her earlier languor replaced by crackling energy. "That didn't feel like anything! Was that the best you've got after all that sulking?!"

You swing again, a furious, sloppy right hook born of rage rather than technique. She ducks under it with contemptuous ease, close enough for you to feel the air shift. "Too slow!" she singsongs, tapping your ribs lightly—a touch that could easily have been a disabling blow. "Fighting with your heart, not your head."

"Shut up!" you grit out, lunging forward, trying to grapple her, pin her down, make her stop enjoying this.

She meets your charge, not with force, but with a fluid redirection, spinning you slightly off balance. Her hands grab your wrists, her grip

like steel despite her apparent carelessness. The closeness is sudden and stifling. Her face is inches from yours, her breath warm against your skin, eyes glittering with exhilaration.

"Make me," she breathes, her smile widening into a feral grin. "I fucking dare you."

A sweep of the leg during her taunting leads her to back up a step, the cramped tent becomes a chaotic whirlwind of flailing limbs and strained curses. You slam Lappland back against the central support pole, the canvas shuddering violently, but she just laughs, absorbing the impact before twisting like smoke and using your own momentum to send you stumbling into a pile of supply crates. The crash echoes her manic laughter.

"Brava! Keep it moving bradipo!" she chirps, launching herself off the pole.

You meet her head on, ducking under a wild swing and driving your elbow hard into her ribs. You feel the solid impact, hear the oof of displaced air, but she barely seems to register it, her eyes alight with ferocious joy. Her fists come down in a slam connecting with the flat of your back, sending an aching shot through your spine. You retaliate with a knee aimed at her gut, connecting solidly this time, forcing a genuine grunt from her.

"Bene, più forte! Più forte!" she gasps, grinning like a lunatic, blood from her split lip smearing across her teeth. "Show me that my team captain isn't just some sniveling pup!"

You grapple, bodies slamming together, muscles straining. She's deceptively strong, corded muscle beneath the lean frame, honed by countless battles and fueled by an insane thirst for conflict. You manage a decent blow to her leg, sending you both crashing down onto the dusty groundsheet. You scramble for dominance, trying to pin her wrists, but she's like wrestling an eel coated in razors.

Suddenly, she arches her back, freeing one arm, and clamps down hard on your shoulder with her teeth. Not a nip, not a warning—a full, committed bite. Her sharp lupo canines puncture fabric and skin, sinking deep into the muscle beneath. Agony, white-hot and blinding, rips through you. You scream, arching violently, trying to dislodge her. She worries at the flesh like a predator, her muffled laughter vibrating against your skin.

"Delizioso!" she growls around the mouthful of your shoulder. "A bit

tough, though. You should try to relax!"

With a surge of adrenaline born from sheer agony, you slam your palm heel into her nose. There's a wet crunch, and she rears back, releasing your shoulder, blood now streaming freely from her nostrils, mixing with the smear from her lip. But instead of pain, her eyes blaze with even more deranged excitement.

"Ah, merda! You broke it!" she laughs, wiping blood across her cheek with the back of her hand.

She fakes a step, faster this time, her previous playfulness hardening into something sharper, yet still terrifyingly gleeful. Her hands don't just block or strike; they tear, claws snagging onto anything she can get a hold of as she shoves you back, slashing a mark across your side enough to scar permanently as she dodges a kick.

"Getting all sweaty, cara," she pants, her eyes roaming your body with an unsettling intensity. "Like what we're doing?"

"You're insane!" you choke out, a meaty kick to the chest sending her skidding back, the wound on your shoulder screaming.

Her eyes flash. "Insane? I'm the only one here having any fun!" As you stumble back near your gear, her eyes catch the glint of metal. Your combat knife, still sheathed and attached to the pack you'd dropped. With terrifying speed, she snatches it, the blade rasping free.

The air changes instantly. The wild playfulness is still there, but now underscored by deadly intent. "Let's dance for real now, eh?" Flicking the blade expertly in her grip.

You backpedal, heart hammering against your ribs, eyes locked on the knife. Your mentality shifts from a brawl to a desperate struggle for survival. She presses forward, testing your defenses with quick, darting slashes you barely manage to avoid. The blade rips through your already torn sleeve, scoring a shallow line of fire along your bicep. You grit your teeth, dodging another thrust that aims lower.

"Hold still!" she giggles. "Just want to see what color you bleed!"

She feints left, then lunges right, trapping your wrist and slamming you bodily against the tent's canvas wall. The knife comes up, pressing hard against the side of your throat, but you manage to stop it from scoring too deeply, hands braced against hers. You freeze, breath caught in your chest, the sharp edge biting slightly, a single drop of

blood welling and trickling down your neck. Her face is inches away, pupils blown wide, breathing heavily. Her other hand snakes around your waist, pulling you closer against her. Then, obscenely, her tongue darts out, licking a slow stripe up your cheek, tasting the sweat and grime of battle.

"Mmm," she hums, the vibration carrying through her body into yours. "Salato."

Pure disgusted revulsion gives you a burst of strength. You slam your knee up hard between her legs. Her eyes widen in shock, breath hissing out, grip faltering for just a second. It's enough. You twist your trapped wrist violently, leveraging her momentary weakness, smashing her knife hand against the canvas wall. The blade clatters free, spinning away into the shadows of the tent.

For a heartbeat, there's silence, just ragged breathing. When suddenly Lappland lets out a low, guttural snarl—pure, frustrated. Before you can react, she slams into you like a runaway train, raw strength overwhelming your technique. Your back hits the side of the cot hard, the frame groaning under the impact, knocking the wind out of you.

She's instantly on top of you, grabbing you by the collar and pushing you back on top of the bedding fully, straddling your hips, pinning your arms with her knees. Her face, contorted with a mixture of fury and exhilaration, looms over yours. Her hands come down, you attempt to fight her off briefly, but the positional disadvantage allows for her hands to wrap around your throat.

Choking isn't a problem immediately, it's the sheer pressure of strangulation that threatens to snap your neck outright. The overwhelming pressure builds instantly, cutting off any attempts for oxygen. You see red, nothing but red creeping in. You gasp, choking, clawing uselessly at her wrists. Her grip tightens, thumbs digging into your windpipe.

"Who's useless now, eh?" she pants, leaning down, her silver hair falling around your face like a shroud. "Who's the codarda gasping for air beneath me?!" Her eyes are alight with a terrifying, triumphant fire. "Say it!"

Panic claws at your throat, far more effectively than Lappland's hands. Black spots dance in your vision as your lungs burn, screaming for air they can't get. You thrash wildly beneath her, a trapped animal. Your fingers scrabble at her face, nails digging for purchase, trying to gouge

at her eyes, shove her away, anything to break the crushing pressure. Your legs kick and buck, trying to dislodge her weight pinning you to the cot. Nothing works. She's too strong.

Desperation lends you clarity. Ignoring the futile struggle against her grip, you draw your free arm back and slam your fist, hard, into the side of her ribcage. Once. Twice. On the third angled blow, you feel and hear—a distinct, sickening crunch. Followed by your hand pushing into her chest softly.

Lapland gasps, a sharp, choked sound, her grip faltering instantly. She convulses, recoiling slightly, and a series of ragged coughs, followed by a spray of hot, coppery blood on your face, momentarily blinding you. Seizing the instant, you heave upwards with every ounce of strength left, bucking your hips and shoving violently, sending her tumbling off you and onto the floor beside the cot with a heavy thud.

You roll off the other side, collapsing onto your hands and knees, retching and gasping, dragging precious air into your tortured lungs. Your throat feels raw, bruised from the inside out. Spots still swim in your vision, and the world tilts precariously.

But Lapland recovers with inhuman speed. You hear her scramble up, snarling like a wounded beast. Before you can even fully register it, a vicious kick slams into your side, right where her ribs likely cracked moments ago. Pain explodes across the injured side, radiating through your torso, stealing your breath again. You cry out, curling instinctively around the pain. "*Ritorno di fiamma.*" She spits.

Through watery eyes, you see her snatch the fallen knife from the floor. Her face is a mask of blood and fury, but her eyes glitter with that same undiluted, terrifying glee. She steps forwards, blade flashing, aiming low, aiming for something vital. Pure instinct takes over. You throw your left forearm up, a desperate, clumsy shield.

The impact hurts like hell. Not a cut, not a slash—the blade punches through your arm, grating against bone, erupting from the other side in a spray of crimson.

But your right hand is free. Gritting your teeth against the wave of nausea and pain, ignoring the blade embedded deep in your flesh, you fumble desperately at the holster on your thigh. Your fingers close around the familiar grip of your sidearm. You wrench it free just as Lapland leans in, perhaps to finish the job or relish her victory.

BANG!

The shot echoes deafeningly in the tent. Lappland cries out, stumbling back, clutching her knife hand—your shot ripped through her palm, forcing her grip open, though the knife remains horrifically embedded in your arm. You try to bring the pistol around for another shot, aiming center mass, but she's already moving, twisting with that unnatural speed.

BANG!

The second shot goes wide, punching through the canvas wall as she dodges, but she doesn't retreat. Instead, she lashes out with a devastatingly powerful kick aimed squarely at your right thigh. The impact is brutal, buckling your leg instantly. You collapse onto your injured side, pistol clattering from numb fingers for a crucial second.

Before you can recover it, she's on you again, tackling you hard, slamming you flat onto your back amidst the crumpled up tarps. The world spins. You land hard, the impaled knife in your arm screaming protest, jarring against the ground. Lappland pins you easily, her weight heavy, her earlier injuries seemingly forgotten in the heat of the moment.

You scramble for the pistol, fingers closing around it just as her head dips down. A killing bite—! Her sharp teeth close around the side of your neck, the points pricking sensitive skin, a clear threat for your life. One wrong move, one twitch, and she could rip your throat out.

Simultaneously, you jam the muzzle of the pistol hard up under her jaw, finger tightening on the trigger. Checkmate. Or maybe mutually assured destruction.

Silence. The tent is a wreck around you—overturned crates, scattered gear, smears of blood on the canvas and floor. You can feel the frantic thudding of her heart against your chest, mirroring your own. Adrenaline thrums through both of you, a palpable, electric current. You can feel the tremors of excitement rolling through her.

You feel it then, against your thigh where her body presses down hard—the rigid length of her erection, hot even through the layers of your torn uniform. Her breathing is ragged, pupils blown wide, staring down at you with an intensity that's equal parts murderous rage and predatory lust. Her hips shift slightly, a subconscious grind against where your legs are tangled.

A low, breathy chuckle vibrates against your neck, dangerously close to the teeth clamped on your skin.

"Ah... merda..." she breathes, the sound rough, strained. "Feeling that, tesoro? Your legs... grinding right there... Keep doing that... see what happens..."

A annoying, smug confidence bleeds into Lappland's expression. She knows you won't pull the trigger. She can feel the thrumming energy between you. Her hips press down, a slow, insolent grind against your thigh. A traitorous shudder rips through you—part terror, part something else you refuse to even humor a name—and that's all the opening she needs.

With blinding speed, her free hand whips out, batting the pistol from your grip. It skitters away across the floor. In the same motion, she captures your other wrist, easily overpowering you now, and pins both your hands above your head against the floor with bruising force. You're completely trapped beneath her, helpless.

Her smirk widens, victorious. Then, her head lowers again, but this time her tongue traces a slow, wet path over the sensitive skin of your neck, right where her teeth had pressed moments before, tasting the pinpricks of blood, the salt of your sweat. The sensation is obscene, but the way it makes you feel—fuck. Her tongue trails higher, over your jawline, until her lips find yours.

It's not gentle. It's a bruising press of mouths fueled by adrenaline. Her tongue thrusts past your teeth, demanding entry, tasting of blood. It's a deep, consuming kiss. Stealing the breath you just fought so desperately to regain. For a moment, the shock and the sheer force of it paralyze you.

Then, fury surges anew. As her tongue explores, you clamp down hard with your teeth on her lower lip.

Lappland gasps sharply against your mouth, pulling back with a hiss of pain, fresh blood welling on her already abused lip. Her eyes flash with surprise and a renewed spark of wildness. Before she can react further, you slam your forehead upwards, connecting solidly with the bridge of her nose.

CRUNCH.

A second time tonight. She cries out, genuinely hurt this time, head snapping back, grip loosening instinctively. You seize the moment,

using every ounce of leverage you have, twisting and heaving, throwing her off balance. With a surge of desperate strength, you roll, reversing your positions in a flurry of limbs and curses. Now you are on top, straddling her narrow hips, pinning her wrists on either side of her head.

She glares up at you, momentarily dazed, blood streaming from her nose again, mixing with the blood on her lips. Her chest heaves, breathing raggedly. The manic energy in her eyes is still there, but now it's mingled with pain and shocked indignation. Below you, pressed against your inner thigh, you can feel her cock again, straining against the fabric.

A vicious, triumphant sneer twists your lips. You lean down slightly, pinning her with your gaze. Then slowly, you reach down with one hand and cup her length through the rough material of her pants, squeezing just enough to make her gasp.

"Someone's eager, aren't they?" you spit out, your voice rough with exertion. "Fucking horny mutt."

Without waiting for a response, you crash your mouth down onto hers again, a kiss just as brutal and demanding as the one she forced on you, fueled by anger and a desperate need to dominate, to hurt her back. Your tongue battles hers for control as your other hand continues its punishing grip, rubbing and squeezing her dick hard, feeling the frantic throb beneath your palm.

Your kiss is punishment, a brutal assertion of dominance, mirroring the violence that led you here. Your hand works frantically inside her pants, fingers wrapping around the thick, hot length of her erection. It throbs against your palm, slick with precum even through the fabric of her underwear. She groans into your mouth, a rough sound that's equal parts pain from her injuries and pleasure from your ministrations.

"Fuck," you grit out against her bleeding lips, "So desperate, you filthy-"

But even as you press your advantage, her own hand—the one you shot, slick with her blood—snakes down, surprisingly nimble despite the injury. Fingers fumble at the fastening of your pants, then dip inside, finding you already wet, a mixture of sweat and arousal you despise. Her touch is rough, fingers stabbing into you without finesse, yet hitting nerves that make your breath hitch.

"Disperato? You're already wet." she gasps back, her voice tight with effort and excitement. Her thumb finds your clit with unerring accuracy, pressing down hard, rubbing around.

It becomes a frantic, hateful race against your own body. Your mouth is still locked with hers, tongues clashing, teeth occasionally scraping. Below, your hand pumps her cock with quickening force, trying to hurt her, trying to make her break first. But her fingers inside you are relentless, skilled despite their roughness, working you with efficiency that bypasses your anger, directly targeting the core of your nerves.

"Stop it," you snarl, trying to buck her off, trying to twist away from that infuriatingly nice touch.

"Nnh... Make me," she pants, her hips bucking slightly against your hand. "You like it... Admit it... You fucking love this." Her fingers dig deeper, faster, rubbing, circling, pressing that one spot until your vision starts to white out.

"You... ghh... you fucking wish..." you muffle into her mouth, but the words are lost in a rising tide of sensation you can't control. Your body betrays you, arching off the cot, chasing the pressure despite your voice saying otherwise.

"Ah... Sì... Just like that..." Lapland groans, her own movements becoming more frantic against your hand. But her focus is entirely on you, on pushing you over the edge. "Almost there... cazzo, you're so tight..."

You try to fight it, try to lock down, but it's too late. Her deft, merciless fingers push you over the precipice. A moan bleeds from your mouth as your body convulses, orgasm ripping through you with violent, unwanted intensity. Your muscles clench and release uncontrollably, mind blanking out in a wave of pure, agonizing pleasure you didn't ask for. Your grip on her slackens, your entire body momentarily limp, overwhelmed.

And Lapland strikes.

Using your post-orgasmic vulnerability, she moves you over, breaking your weakened grip. Before you can fully register what's happening, she flips you violently, slamming you face down onto the rough, blood-speckled surface of the mattress. Your cheek scrapes against the canvas, the smell of dust and stale sweat filling your nostrils.

Instantly, she's pressing down on your back, her weight effectively

pinning you. You feel her cock pressing insistently against the curve of your ass through your pants. She grinds down, a rough, dominant motion, trapping one of your legs beneath her own.

"Nnnngh! Get off!" you choke out, face muffled against the cot, struggling uselessly beneath her weight.

"Oh cazzo... mmgghn..." Lappland pants triumphantly into your ear, her breath hot and ragged. She grinds down again, harder this time, the friction is coarse but it feels so annoyingly good. "Lost control, tesoro? Fell apart just for me?" Another rough thrust of her hips. "Feels good, doesn't it? Pinned down... knowing you can't get away..." Her cock rubs against you relentlessly. "Should I take these off, get straight to the carne? Or do you like it rough like this?"

She doesn't stop, grinding against you relentlessly, her teeth nipping sharply at the nape of your neck, sending shivers down your spine that are equal parts pain and unwelcome stimulation. Her hot breath ghosts over your skin as she speaks, her voice a low.

"Come on, puttana... Say it," she pants, punctuating each word with a rough thrust of her hips against your backside. "Tell me you want this. Tell me you want my cock inside you." Another nip, harder this time, breaking the skin slightly. "Say it, or I'll just keep doing this until you scream loud enough for everyone to hear."

"Fuck you!" you choke out into the mattress, humiliation burning hotter than the friction against your ass.

"Wrong answer," she chuckles, grinding down harder "Tell. Me. You. Want. It."

Every thrust sends jolts through your system, still feeling the lingering echoes of sensitivity from your last orgasm. You struggle weakly, but she's way too strong for you. Slight tears of frustration prick at your eyes. Finally, knowing she would actually do it until you agreed, the words are roughly spit out, full of self-loathing.

"Fine! Yes! Goddammit, yes, I want it! Just... just get it over with!"

A triumphant, almost feral grin splits Lappland's face, though you can't see it. "Ah, molto bene! Knew you'd see it my way." She shifts her weight slightly, and you hear the snick of a knife – maybe yours, maybe one of her own reserves. A moment later, you feel the hard steel slice through the fabric of your pants down the back, exposing your skin to the cool air of the tent. T

Then she's positioning herself, hot and hard against your cleft. The slick warmth of precum, slicking the head of her cock—and then she thrusts forward, burying herself inside you with a single, swift motion.

A sharp cry is ripped from your throat as she fills you completely. It's rough, stretching you painfully as she hardly gave you an ounce of time to get ready. She doesn't wait for you to adjust, immediately starting to pump into you with a frantic, animalistic rhythm, fucking you like a dog in heat. Her hands grip your hips hard, angling you, controlling the encounter completely. Each thrust jars your body, scraping you against the rough cot, the knife still embedded in your arm screaming in protest with every movement.

"Ah... sì... cazzo, sì..." Lappland groans above you, her voice thick with pleasure. "Feels so good... so fucking tight..." She slams into you harder, faster, her breathing becoming ragged, harsh gasps tearing from her throat. She's building, pushing towards her own release, lost in the violent friction. "Almost there... Almost... ahhh..."

But as you feel her body tense, her thrusts becoming more frantic, a surge of defiant rage cuts through the haze of pain and violation. No. Not like this. You won't just be her fucking release. With awkward, fumbling movements, pinned as you are, you manage to reach back between your legs. Your fingers close blindly, finding her throbbing shaft just as she throws her head back, poised on the very edge of climax. You squeeze. Hard.

Lappland whimpers out loud, agony mixed with frustrated lust. Her body freezes mid-thrust, rigid as stone. You feel the frantic pulse beneath your fingers, the desperate tension. Despite her superior strength, the sheer sensitivity of being on the edge betrays her. Your grip, born of hate and defiance, holds her captive, denying her release.

"Nnngh! Bastarda!" she snarls, her voice strained, trying to thrust against your hold, but the pressure is too much, sending jolts of overstimulation through her that make her shudder violently. "Let... go!"

"Not yet," you manage to rasp out, tightening your grip, finding a small, vicious satisfaction in her distress. Throwing your leg around you turn under her, back flat against the cot as you look up at her, cock still leaking between your fingers.

She struggles against your hand, panting, snarling, clearly in agony yet still overwhelmingly aroused. Then, with a final, desperate surge

of strength fueled by imminent, unstoppable orgasm, she throws herself forward with explosive force. Her cock rips free from your grasp, thrusting wildly past you, slamming hard against the skin of your lower stomach as her entire body convulses.

"Nmmghn!"

A massive, uncontrolled orgasm wracks her body. You feel the violent shuddering through her entire frame as she absolutely unloads, thick ropes of hot semen pumping furiously against your belly, splattering upwards onto your chest and neck. It's a huge amount, sticky in a pool of thick gel on the curve of your stomach. She collapses on top of you, her body trembling, harsh, ragged breaths tearing from her lungs. The sticky heat of her climax being smeared between the two of you.

This is your chance. Using some residual adrenaline, you shove her dead weight off you, scrambling amidst the tangled sheets and debris. Before she can fully recover her senses, you're straddling her hips, pinning her recovering body beneath yours.

Her cock is still slick and semi-hard, twitching slightly. With rough, angry movements, you guide her back inside you, impaling yourself on her length. A gasp tears from both of you at the renewed invasion. It's still too much, stretching you, filling you completely in a way that borders on pain, yet ignites every nerve ending. Your hands find her throat, fingers pressing against the pulse fluttering there, a mimicry of her earlier attack.

"My turn now, you fucking psycho," you spit down at her, trying to channel all your fury into the act. You begin to ride her, deliberately slow at first, trying to draw it out.

Lapland groans beneath you, eyes fluttering open. There's pain there, from her injuries, from your rough handling, but beneath it, that infuriating spark of manic amusement is already rekindling. A low chuckle rumbles in her chest, vibrating up through your hands on her neck.

"So eager... cara..." she rasps, her voice still thick. "Thought you... hated this..."

"Shut up!" you snarl, trying to pick up the pace, trying to grind down hard, make her feel something other than pleasure. But the sheer size of her, the friction, the way she fills you completely... it's overwhelming. Your carefully controlled movements become frantic, hips bucking involuntarily, chasing a sensation you don't want but

can't escape. Your breath hitches, turning into ragged gasps. "Shut... the... fuck up..." you whimper, hating the weakness in your own voice.

Lappland's eyes glitter, sensing your control shatter. "Eh? But you're... ahh... moving so nicely..." Recovering some strength, she begins to thrust her hips upwards, meeting your frantic downward strokes, driving herself deeper, faster. Each upward surge sends jolts of electricity straight to your core, pushing you relentlessly towards an edge you just tumbled over minutes ago. "This is supposed to be your turn y'know?"

"Haah... nghh.." is all you manage to moan out, your body betrays you utterly. Your hands slip from her throat as you brace yourself against her shoulders, riding her now with desperate, uncontrolled speed. The pleasure building with terrifying rapidity.

"Ooohh... p-proprio così..." Lappland groans, her own control fraying again as your involuntary movements drive her closer. Her upward thrusts become powerful, relentless, aimed purely at pushing you over the edge.

And then you cum. Again. A high, keening cry from your throat as another orgasm manifests, even more intense than the first. Your inner muscles clench violently around her cock, milking her, your entire body convulsing helplessly.

Your climax triggers hers almost instantly. Lappland arches hard beneath you, thrusting deep one last time as her own second orgasm crashes over her. You feel the pulsing release inside you, a smaller wave this time. Her body shudders violently, then collapses back onto the cot, completely spent once more. You sit there slick with sweat, blood, and semen, both of you trembling and gasping for breath in the wreckage of the tent.

But the stillness doesn't last. That damned Lupo resilience is already asserting itself. Before the tremors have even fully subsided in your own limbs, you feel Lappland stir beside you. She shifts, then rolls smoothly out from under your arm, disentangling herself with an unnerving quickness that speaks of reserves you definitely don't possess right now.

You hear her get to her feet, the soft scuff of bare feet. Through blurry vision, you see her standing amidst the wreckage, naked, smeared with sweat, blood, and cum, looking around the ruined tent with a

pleasant casualness. She nudges a fallen crate with her foot, then glances back towards the general area where supplies are usually stashed, her brow furrowed slightly. You hear her shuffling through some scattered gear, the rustle of fabric and clink of metal.

"Dove tenete l'acqua?" she asks, her voice raspy but clear, glancing back at you expectantly.

Summoning what little energy you have, you manage to lift one trembling finger, pointing vaguely towards the corner where your pack lies partially buried under a collapsed section of shelving.

Lappland strides over, locates your water bottle and snatches it up. Unscrewing the cap, she lifts it to her lips and drinks deeply, greedily, nearly half the bottle vanishing down her throat in loud, quick gulps. She lowers the bottle with a sigh that sounds almost content. "Pahh... grazie."

Wiping her bloody mouth with the back of her equally bloody hand, she saunters back towards you, the half-empty bottle swinging loosely in her grip. She stops beside where you lie, looking down at you with those unsettlingly bright eyes, a flicker of that manic amusement returning. Then, she crouches down, grabbing your chin, tilting your head up to face her none too gently. Before you can protest or even fully comprehend, she tips the bottle.

A stream of cool water splashes clumsily into your open mouth—some actually goes down, a blessed relief to your parched throat—but most of it spills, cascading over your lips, chin, neck, and down onto your chest, mixing with the sticky fluids already coating your skin. It's shockingly cold, making you gasp and splutter, but the hydration and the cold shock help clear your head slightly, allowing you to finally take a deep, shuddering breath that doesn't feel quite so ragged. You blink up at her, water dripping from your eyelashes.

Lappland watches your reaction, a small, satisfied smirk playing on her lips. It was definitely intentional. She leans closer, her face hovering just inches above yours.

"Round three, cara?" she breathes, her voice dropping back into that low, dangerous purr.

Fuck.

You try to fight back, shoving weakly at her shoulders, aiming a clumsy slap towards her face, but it's pathetic. Your limbs feel like

lead, your movements sluggish and uncoordinated. It's less a fight, more a feeble, exhausted wrestling match, a desperate pantomime of resistance that she easily controls.

"Still got some fight left?" she chuckles, starting to work on the buckles and straps of your remaining gear—your damaged chest rig, the belts holding torn pouches. Her fingers are quick, efficient, stripping away the remnants of your uniform, tearing fabric when fastenings resist. You squirm, trying to hinder her, but it's useless. She gets down to your undershirt, tugging at it. You clamp your arms down, a last-ditch effort at modesty or defiance.

"Ah-ah," she tuts condescendingly. Then you feel it—the hard press of metal against the base of your spine. The pistol. When did she—
"Arms up. Now."

Defeated, humiliated, you slowly raise your arms, allowing her to pull the sweat-soaked shirt up and over your head, tossing it aside onto the floor. You stand completely naked and exposed now, bare from the waist up, the cool air raising goosebumps on your skin.

Lapland's eyes darken as she looks down at your exposed breasts. "Much better," she murmurs, releasing one of your wrists only to immediately capture that hand and forcefully guide it down between her legs, wrapping your fingers around her cock. "Make yourself useful."

While your hand is forced to stroke her length, her free hand comes up to torment you. Fingers pinch your nipple hard, making you cry out. Then her head dips, tongue gliding over the already sensitive peak before teeth close down, not gently. You gasp, arching slightly off the cot. She licks, bites, and sucks, paying rough, close attention to each breast while your own hand continues its forced ministrations below.

"I fucking hate you," you grit out through clenched teeth, squeezing her cock perhaps harder than intended, trying to inflict some measure of pain back.

She just laughs, cocking the hammer of the pistol back. "The feeling is mutual, tesoro." She bites down again, harder. "Keep stroking."

"Prick," you spit, anger giving you a renewed burst of energy, even if only verbal. "Nothing but a liability. If I had it my way you'd be put down like a rabid fucking animal. Can't even tell why they keep you around."

"Yeah yeah," she murmurs, licking a stripe up towards your collarbone. "You've said it all before." Her hand moves to your other breast, pinching cruelly.

"Because you never fucking listen! You ignored direct orders, chased after Texas like a fucking lunatic, and left the flank completely exposed! Reunion almost wiped us out!" Your voice rises, fueled by remembered terror and righteous fury.

Lapland lifts her head, glaring down at you, her amusement fading slightly, replaced by irritation. "Still talking?" she asks dangerously. "Texas needed a reminder. And your squad was slow."

"Slow? We were following the plan! Something you wouldn't understand! You useless, undisciplined-"

She cuts you off, not with words, but with action. Sitting up abruptly, she grabs a handful of your hair, yanking your head forward and up. With irresistible force, she maneuvers you until you're kneeling on the floor, then pushes your head down firmly between her spread legs. Her still-wet cock and heavy balls are right in your face, the musky, pungent smell of sex and sweat filling your nostrils.

"You talk too much," she snarls, pushing your face harder against her groin. "Make that mouth useful for something else. Clean me up. Now. And shut the fuck up." Her hand remains tangled in your hair, holding you firmly in place.

You swallow down the bile rising in your throat, the utter humiliation burning physically. Her hand tangles painfully in your hair, holding your face pressed against her groin, leaving you no option but to obey her snarled command. Tentatively at first, but you quickly find a rhythm as her grip tightens threateningly, your tongue flicks out, tasting the salty sweat, musk, and the sticky residue of her earlier climax.

You lap at her balls, cleaning them reluctantly, feeling them tighten against your cheek. Her other hand idly strokes your hair, a gesture that would be almost gentle if it weren't accompanied by the vice-like grip on your scalp.

She groans, a low, pleased sound as you move your attention to her shaft. You take her into your mouth, forcing yourself to suck, using your hand to help stroke the length, feeling it pulse and harden rapidly against your tongue. You work her with a detached, hateful focus, wanting only to get this over with, praying she finishes quickly.

"Ahh... sì..." she breathes, hips twitching slightly. "Good girl... Using that mouth... finally..."

Soon, she's fully, rigidly hard again, throbbing against your lips. She releases your hair with a final, almost proprietorial pat, leaning back slightly on the cot, clearly expecting you to continue.

You meet her surprised, questioning gaze with a glare filled with pure loathing. Then, reluctantly, you push yourself away from the cot and lie down flat on your back on the filthy tent floor, amidst the scattered gear and drying blood. You spread your legs, not in surrender, but as in invite to continue your brawl.

A slow, utterly smug smirk spreads across Lappland's face. She leans forward, intrigued. "Oh? Changing tactics, cara?" she purrs, amusement dancing in her eyes. "Decided you want more after all? Can't get enough?"

"Just get on with it..." you snarl, hating yourself even as you say it, hating the way your body still trembles with residual arousal and exhaustion.

Lappland chuckles, sliding off the cot with as much grace as she could manage, prowling the short distance between you. She looms over you for a moment, savoring the sight of you laid bare and waiting on the floor, before lowering herself down between your legs. She positions the head of her cock at your entrance, pressing slightly. "Your funeral," she whispers, then thrusts inside you hard and fast.

This time, there's no pretense of control from either side. It's pure, unadulterated ferocity. You wrap your legs around her waist immediately, digging your heels into her back, meeting her harsh rhythm with your own angry, upward thrusts. Hands scramble for purchase, nails digging into skin, scratching backs and shoulders, drawing fresh beads of blood. You roll across the floor, tangled together, slamming against crates, kicking up dust.

"Fucking... animal!" you gasp, as her teeth nip sharply at any extremity that comes close to her face.

"Takes one... ahh... to know one!" she bites back, literally, clamping down on your lower lip hard enough to make you cry out, tasting your blood again before tearing a line in it.

You retaliate by bucking hard, trying to throw her off, clawing at her face. She snarls, grabbing your wrists, trying to pin you beneath her,

but you twist, using your legs to flip you both over, landing on top for a precious few seconds before she reverses it again. It's a chaotic, violent dance of dominance, neither willing to yield, fueled by hatred.

"Get... off!" you pant, shoving a hand against the side of her face as she pins you again.

"After you went through all the trouble of inviting me puttana?!" she snaps, punching you across the jaw. "Why would I do that?"

"Nggaah!" you respond with a harsh kick back to her ribs.

"GHK! That all you got?!" she yells, her face contorted in a mask of savage pleasure and exertion.

Amidst the grappling and snarling, your mouths find each other again, crashing together in brutal, biting kisses. Tongues battle, teeth clash, lips are bruised and split anew. It's less a kiss, more another form of combat. You pull back, spitting blood and saliva, glaring into her wild, dilated eyes. "You think this means anything?"

"Means I'm fucking you," she pants, smirking, "And you're letting me. Loving every second of it, no matter what pretty lies you tell yourself." She drives into you again, deeper, harder, stealing the breath from your lungs.

The brutal rhythm continues, a frantic slamming of bodies against the floor. Sweat slicks your skin, mingling with blood and grime. Just when you think the furious energy might finally start to ebb, Lappland changes tactics again, her voice dropping into a low, infuriatingly sweet tone.

"Ah, mia cara," she pants, driving deep, her eyes glittering with malice as she watches your reaction. "You take me so well..."

"Shut... up..." you gasp, trying to buck her off, hating the way the endearment makes your skin crawl even more than her unwanted, awful touch.

"So sensitive, tesoro mio," she croons, biting playfully at your earlobe before her teeth sink into the shell harder, making you hiss. "Don't like it when I'm nice?" She thrusts again, deliberately hitting a spot that makes your vision swim. "Piccola lupa... all claws and teeth..."

"Don't... haah... fucking... mmgghn.. call me that!" you roar, fury eclipsing the exhaustion for a moment. You surge upwards, managing

to land a solid fist against her already bruised ribs.

She grunts, but her answering grin is pure, savage delight. "Touched a nerve?" she laughs breathlessly. "Buono!" That seems to spur her on, her thrusts becoming faster, harder, more punishing. She meets your renewed, enraged struggles with equal ferocity, slamming into you with everything she has left, determined to come out on top.

The frantic friction, the pain, the anger, the sheer overwhelming stimulation—it all builds towards a undeniably pleasurable crescendo. You're both panting, snarling, lost in a red haze of violence and lust.

Though neither of you can hold out, it happens simultaneously. You try to stifle a moan the best you can as your body is struck with the biggest orgasm yet, arching violently off the floor, muscles locking down tight around her cock. At the exact same instant, Lappland throws her head back with a muffled hiss, her orgasm crashing over her with volcanic force.

Her fangs sink deep—agonizingly deep—into the flesh of your shoulder again, clamping down with enough force to feel like they might hit bone. A primal anchor against the sheer intensity that threatens to drive her crazy. You scream, partly from the orgasm, partly from the searing pain of the bite, as her body convulses on top of yours.

You feel her final, massive release, another heavy surge pulsing deep inside you. Reflexively, you cling to her shuddering frame, hands gripping her back, nails digging in, holding on tight through the violent aftershocks that rack both your bodies.

The wave crests and slowly begins to recede, leaving you both gasping, trembling messes tangled on the floor. Lappland's breathing is harsh, her body heavy on yours.

After a long moment, she slowly relaxes her jaw, teeth sliding free from your mangled flesh, leaving deep, bleeding puncture wounds behind. She props herself up slightly on her elbows, looking down at you. Her face is smeared with blood—maybe 60 percent yours—her hair plastered to her temples with sweat, but her eyes hold an expression of utter, exhausted smugness.

With excruciating slowness, she pulls out of you. She levers herself off you, swaying slightly as she stands, naked, bleeding, and utterly unrepentant amidst the chaos. She glances around at the wreckage—the overturned cot, the various fluids staining the tarps and canvas—

then her gaze lands back on you, lying tired and spent on the ground.

Another infuriating smirk manages to carve its way onto her lips. "Think I'll sleep here tonight," she announces casually, mostly to herself. She gestures vaguely at the destroyed cot and the general disaster zone. "You're cleaning up the bloodstains though."

End Notes

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

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